BIRDS OF MANY FEATHERS.

QUEER THINGS TO BE SEEN AT THE CHICKEN SHOW.

Mure That Dance, a Five-Hundred-Dollar Cat, and Pigs of High Degree, Besides tramecocks, Birds of Gorgeous Plumage, and No End of Fowls of Bare Breeding.

The tenth annual exhibition of the New York Poultry and Pigeon Association began in Madison Square Garden on Tuesday morn-ing. Nearly 7,000 feathered stars immediateeackled, crowed, cooed, peeped, quacked, gobbled and hissed their way into, the hearts of the showgoing public, and crowds have been going to see their performances ever since. Three kinds of people attend the Chicken Show as it is irreverently called by those who have no taste for man's feathered friends except at mealtime. The first and largest class consists of persons who go everywhere just to to alie to say that they have gone. They aten't haif bad, however, and their non-appearance would have a marked effect on the attendance at such places and also on the box

receipts. The second kind of people is made

up of those who are really up in chicken cult. They love the birds for the birds' sakes, and

not for their own, and they talk most learnedly about blood and breed, hackles and saddles,

laying power and the like. The last class con-

sists of men and women, young and old, with

sporting instincts, who hang around the game

breeds and tell yarns about the wonderful en-

counters they've seen and heard of in the

Never before have exhibits been presented

in a more picturesque setting, and a round of

the show proves most interesting. Some people say that domestic fowls and birds generally have no sense or no affection and that they

are utterly uninteresting. Be that as it may,

everybody who takes the trouble to inspect

the birds is pretty certain to be won over by

the wiles of a bantam baby or a giant gobbler

before leaving and to go away declaring that

after all birds have good manners and are

good natured, even if they haven't a great deal

Fronting the main antrance are four show

esting lot of Uncle Sam's officials from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. It is great fun to stand

near them and watch the people come in. They

rush straight forkheir favorite breed after ask-

ing the catalogue venders ten questions to the

second, none of which can be answered. An

observant person can soon learn to tell just

cases of homing pigeons, including an inter-

poultry yard ring.



The man who was backing the second prize-fighter hastily restored the bird to its care. Then the other one began to strut and error, "Humph!" grunded a stout man wearing a bie red tie with a gamecock scartfain it, "that blamed bird thinks he's whipped the other one in one round."

so than that of the squirrel or rabbit."
"How about the rat?" asked a young woman with a shudder.



BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

"I am not kidding you all," insisted the man. "We keep these guinea Digs for pots, but I've eaten many a one, and they are fine."

The show is brimful of novelties, which come under the general head of pet stock exhibits. One of them is an exhibit of ten wee Yorkshire pigs, all as nudgy and white as pigs can be. A pig as a mid is not a companionable thing, but these see "be exceptions."

Oh, why do they each have a button in one ear?" asked a dark-eyed girl in a big fur coat.

"Because they are Sons of the Revolution." explained a good-humored man. "Those buttons are their baiges, showing that their pedires is great. Don't you know how these Sons and Daushiers always advertise their lineal descent, as they call it, by wearing a button or badge? Well, pigs do the same thing, only. I believe, in pigdom those buttons are known as herd book numbers. But, never mind, it's all one and the same thing."

The geese and turkeys are domiciled on the Fourth avenue side of the Garden, and the fascination that the goose has for man is something to think on. The inhabitants of this quarter are the noisiest, by long odds, in the show. They cackle and hiss and keep un a racket that would shame a mammoth progressive euchre party, one of those affairs given for charity. A gobbler mormon and its three



WHAT A PITY TO FAT SUCH BEAUTIFUL BIRDS!

"Just look at his chest development," said one. "He'd never get winded."
"Yes, and he has such a powerful reach," commented another.
"And he's in such good fighting trim," but in the third. "See, his comb has been dubbed and his sours are corkers."

An fergit it! "exclaimed the girl who shanced to be an acquaintance. Too boys to over in that corner and look at the ten little pigs or step over to the right and interview the cats. You don't know a samecock when you see it. Pigeons are more in your line."
"Why, this ha dandy bird. It has taken first price," protested the oldest young fellow. "Of source it's a fine bird of its kind," explained the girl, but don't show your anorance by speculating on what it could do in the cocking toome on and I'll show you a pit game that gould do this fellow up in less than one round."

She led the way to No. 1,088, a fine speciment with a record that would make sharkey, Mer'ov, Pitzsimmons and tentleman Jim all open their eyes.

Met or, Fitzsiamons and Genternan Jim all open their eyes.

"Now, what do you think of him?" she asked turning to her followers. "He's great. His comb is dubbed and his sours cut, but it you could see this bird in fighting togs you'd say you never saw his like before. Just imagine him with his tail cut off and all of his waste neck, shackle and sandle feathers clipped, Look at his eye. It's positively vicious. Fi

companions have excited no end of fun ever since they were brought to the Garden. They are No. 1.832 in the catalogue and they give an imitation of family life in Utah that is enough to make the average bachelor cry for very joy at his state of oneness with himself. Mr. tobhier has an especial weakness for the smallest Mrs. Gobbler. The other two consorts are as fealous of her as one operatic star is of another change to show his skill. One of the disconnection of the second day, but the sum on the afternoon of the second day, but the sum of the afternoon of the second day, but the sum of the afternoon of the second day in the afternoon of the second day and the sum of the afternoon of the second day in the sum of the afternoon of the second day in the afternoon of th

bet that bird never takes that eagle eye off of his adversary. Oh, I know he is a corker when ready for action.

The sportsmen visiting the pet gamesters gathered and listened to the girl and after a while one of them took another prize winner from its cage and presented it to the proud possessor of the blue ribbon winner. It was a good thing that strong wire bars separated the strangers. The way they went at each other would have astonished disagreeing womankind. The one on the inside came toward the other in a coldly threatening way and its adversary's eyes said as plainly as any words could have done: "Let me at him!"

But an How is a great place. The Seabistin midgets are favorites of the children. Some of them are white with black incing and other words could have done: "Let me at him!"

It is a great place. The seather is laced, even the tail and wing feathers. The But Coehin with black lacing. Every feather is laced, even the tail and wing feathers. The But Coehin which was with their bunt tails, and the reservabled black ones are also favorites with the voung folks who visit the show.

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It is a great place. The seather was any words could have done: "Let me at him!"

But the reservable black ones are also favorites with the voung folks one of the finest and largest on record, and the birds helping to make it so, from the vain fantalis to the very emailest breed, are in gala attire. Some have on pretty fluffy feather ruffs, others a can of feathers which look for all the world like one of the opera hoosts worn by swell women. Some of the little liens have their skirts trimmed with black and stripes of gray or brown or tain the opera hoosts worn by swell and white with black and stripes of gray or brown or tain lined ex

ten in the most approved fashion, and nature did it all for them.

Much attention is also attracted by the display of cats, some of which are quartered in satin-lined cages. A tortoise shell and white male cat, Royal Worcester by name, deserves special mention, as it is said to be the only one of the kind in this country. There are plenty of fabbles of like variety, but Royal Worcester is a solitary specimen, and its value is estimated at \$500.

As a whole the show is a great one. It is interesting to watch the feathered stars, and it is more interesting to watch the people. They take the birds and themselves seriously, while the exhibits eackle to themselves and seem to regard the performance as a very good joke.

MRS. TITUS AT THE BRIDGE.

Peace Now Between Her and the Tamman Man Sent to Assist Her.

For the benefit of the thousand and one acmaintances and friends of Mrs. Sarah Titus it may be stated that she can yet be found in her old home, built 150 years ago as a dwelling for the tender of the bridge spanning the Broux River at the West Chester turnpike. She has retained the key of the bridge and her salary of \$25 a mouth for turning the draw. The man who was sent to succeed her works by day.
Mrs. Titus says, at double her pay, while she turns the draw only at night.
"I never asked for help and don't want any

now, but all along since 'Rocky' Moore got his job he's been sending man after man here to help," she said to a visitor the other day. new man came along every day or two and all of them said they had only been sent to the bridge to make time while waiting for a better job. I guess they told the truth, because none of them tried to get the bridge key. The last man he sent demanded the key, but it was given back to me, and now he asks me for it when he wants to turn the draw. Now I leave it outside for him to save him the trouble of asking every time."

EAT AND ACT FOR CHARITY

People Had Lost Interest in Benefits and social Influences Were Unprofitable, When a Woman Had the Happy Thought of Combining the Two in a New Form.

night mean so many things that what it really signifies is difficult to understand for persons who have not experienced it.
"I thought it was something akin to the fear of Ross Trelating's old mentor that she might 'declaim her prayers' because she had been an actress," was the opinion of a beginner at one of the dramatic schools, "and I faneied that it might be used to describe some

the girls in our senior class eats her sandfast would be eaten. But that was a lunch."
"I once saw Edward Sothern at breakfast in a railroad station," remarked another student with a budding theatrical manner that made it clear he would ultimately be able to eat any thing from scenery to supper dramatically

what a dramatic breakfast was, because none of them was yet well enough known, beautiful enough, smart enough, or, indeed, possessed of any quality that entitled him to be enrolled among the professionals asked to take part in these curious entertainments, which are the last word in the blooding part in these curious entertainments, which are the last word in the blending of elemensynary and social effort. Two winters have seen the existence of the dramatic breakfast, and so far no newer form of charitable entertainment has arisen to take its place. Nevertheless the dramatic breakfast must in the nature of things be destined to lose its vogus after a while and go the way of the kirmess, the kettledrum and similar devices to get money for charities out of persons who are not wholly satisfied with the mere knowledge that they have done a good deed in giving their money. As a matter of fact, there are a large number who would never consent to give up \$50 unless something were to be had in exchange for it. Sometimes when people are asked to buy tickets the reply is made that it would be simpler to ask for contributions in each But that theory has been found to have little value when it is once put into practice. The

spin. I gauges there look the trath, because more of them there to get the broke been. The lists of in sixth or their grows to be to me, and now he saits me for it when he wants to true the drivers. The lists of the saits are considered to the saits and the lists of the saits and the lists of the lists

DECREASE IN NUMBER OF BALDONS.

Not Only in New York, but in the United States, According to Revenue Reports. It is very generally stated and perhaps very generally believed that much of the agitation for constitutional provision, for higher license

and for liquor tax laws to regulate the retail selling of intoxicants are without practical results, but official returns, both State and Federal, tend to show that this is not the case. There are fewer arrests relatively to the whole population for drunkenness than was the case twenty, or even ten years ago; the consumption of spirits has declined perceptibly, and while there has been an increase in the consumption per capita of all liquors, it has not been large enough to offset the decreased per

capita in distilled beverages.

There are no persons doing business to any appreciable amount in liquor dealing at retail in the United States from whom the Federal Government gets no return. Its methods of inquiry and discovery have been perfected during many years' trial. Consequently, the internal revenue figures constitute a thoroughly reliable basis of comparison, and those which last appeared showed the number of drinking places to be actually less than they were three years ago-taking 1895 for comparison-notwithstanding the increase in population during that time. The reduction in the number of an cons is not due to any action of the United States Government, but to the operation of State and local laws, to prohibition in some States, and to the substitution of a "tax" an "excise" system in others, notably New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio.

When Levi P. Morton became Governor of the State of New York he called attention to the fact that this State had at that time the dubious distinction of having more saloons in proportion to its population than any other State in the country. Under the enumeration of 1892, the first year following the promulgation of the last Federal census, there were 40,250 saloons in New York (saloons, hotels, taverns, restnurants, beer gardens and piente resorts) 12,700 in Pennsylvania, 18,400 in Illinois, 16,-200 in Ohio, 8,500 in Michigan and 5,100 in Massachusetts. At that period the average number of saloons in the United States was one to each 278 of the population. In Illinois the ratio is 1 to 205, in Ohio it was 1 to 226, in Michigan it was 1 to 248, in Pennsylvania it was 1 to 421, in Massachusetts it was 1 to 430, and in New York it was 1 to 150.

Oblo was the first of the States to address Itself practically to the question under the operation of the Dow law, upon which the Raines law in New York is based. By 1805, despite the steady increase of population meanwhile, the number of saloons in Ohio had been reduced from 16,000 to 15,000, but in

meanwhile, the number of saloons in Ohio had been reduced from 16,000 to 15,000, but in Pennsylvania the number of all obeen increased from 12,000 to 14,000 and in New York from 40,000 to 41,000. At that time the total number of retail licensed saloons in the whole United States was 208,388. The present number of licensed saloons as reported on the 1st of July linst was only 195,684, a reduction of 13,000 in six years. By the official Treasury report just issued the number of retail saloons in New York is 32,738, a reduction of nearly 1,000 from what it was a year ago. In Pennsylvania the total number of saloons is 14,883, a small increase. In Illinois there were 1,000 saloons fewer on July 1, 18,8, than six years before. In Ohio the number was down to 14,736, or nearly 2,000 less than six years ago, while in Massachusetts the number had decreased from 5,100 to 4,200, in Michigan from 8,400 to 6,000 and in Indiana from 7,000 to 7,200.

In speaking of "liquor saloons" the United States makes no distinction based on the size or importance of the establishment. A sulcon which sells liquor is a "liquor saloon." To some extent the number of "liquor saloon." To some extent the number of "liquor saloon." To some extent the number of ringuor saloon. To some extent the number of ringuor saloon. To some extent the number of saloon that for the salo of liquors for however brief a period in a year one Government tax receipt is issued, and when, for any reason, it is surrendered or returned or revoked or lost or cancelled or made inoperative, the issuance of a new one either to the same place or to the same party counts as an additional saloon for returned or revoked or lost or cancelled or made inoperative, the issuance of a new one cither to the same place or to the same party counts as an additional saloon for returned or revoked or lost or cancelled or made inoperative, the issuance of a new one cither to the same place or to the same party counts as an additional saloon for returned or revoked or lost or cancelled or m

FRENCH PLAY AT BARNARD.

And for the First Time Columbia Men Will

Act with the Barnard Girls. Dramatics are playing a more important part in student life at Columbia this year than at sity. The interest in acting has always hitherto been confined to the production of the sophomore show, a comedy, and the varsity show, a comic opera, both usually written by Columbia men. The production of away Boy," the play of the class of 1901, is now a thing of the past. The three-act opera "Cleopatra" is in preparation, but, in ad-dition to these traditional performances, a flight has been taken this year into legitimate comedy. Augustin Daly's "A Night Off" was brought out successfully by the Track Team Association at the Berkeley Lyceum a week Association at the Berkeley Lyceum a week ago, and now comes the announcement that still another gambol on the stage is to take place. The students are to produce, the first week after Easter, a French comedy, "Bataille de Dames." This is to be given under the auspices of the French societies of Columbia and Barnard. It will be produced in Brinckerhoff Theatre in Barnard College. With these four efforts on their bands, the students incrested in dramatics are kept especially busy

terested in dramatics are solve especially busy this year.

"Batwille de Dames," or "Un Duel en Amour," is a three-net society comedy by Seribo and Legouvé. The east, Prof. Cohn announced yesterday, will be as follows:

yesterday, will be as follows:

Le Baron de Montrichard,
Mr. Montgomery Schuyler, Jr., '9n
Henri de Flavigneni Mr. J. J. Finnegan, 1900
Custav de Grignon Mr. Ed Walter, 1900
La Contesse d'Autreval,
Mile, Aurèlie Reynaud, Barnard
Léonie de la Villegontier. Miss Newcomb, Barnard
Tids play will be a distinct novelty in dramatics at both Barnard and Columbia. So far
as is known, it is the first given in any foreign
innguage at either institution. It is likewise
the only play with the male parts taken by
men ever produced at Barnard. In a word, it
is the first singe production in which Columbia
men and Barnard girs have ever supeared
together. Prof. Cohn will look after the dietion of the piece. A professional coach will attend to the acting. tend to the acting.

GREEN PARROT FISH'S DESSERT. One Big Killie It Will Eat or Two Small

Ones, and That's All. Among the fishes in one of the tanks at the Aquarium are two parrot fishes from Bermuda. Both are strikingly colored, but in one of them

green predominates, while in the other the tint most prominent is blue.

The great thing with captive fishes is to get them to eat. A fish with a good appetite, that

tions being favorable, to get along; and every effort is made to give the fishes food such as they have been accustomed to in mature will eat the food provided, is likely, other condieffort is made to give the fishes food such as they have been accustomed to in nature or such as will tempt their appetites.

In applying this treatment the parrot fish, which in nature subsist on mollusks and crustaceans, are fed here on shrimp, cut-up herring, cut-up clams, and killies. Pretty much all these like live killies; and in lish circles the shrimp also is commonly estecated a delicacy. And it is customary at the Aquarium to supply these things in such quantities as may be best for the fishes' welfare; most commonly, especially in the case of shrimps, in limited quantities, as a sort of relish or dessert. Thus after the hearty meal, of chopped-up clam or whatever the principal food furnished to the various fishes may be, the nan whe feels them soes along with a deep pan containing its killies, which he gives to the lishes that care for them in the several tanks according to their desires or his own discretion.

When he comes to the tank where the parrot fish are the green parrot sweets around and takes in the first killie dropted into the water. It is not ravelously fond of them, but it likes them well enough to come for them. But the stay made here is not very long—the green parrot wants are very come for them but it likes at one big kill e or two small ones, and that is all. The blue parrot has not yet been persuaded to entany.

The Fires on the Altar of Spring. "I caught the other day," said Mr. Gosling-

ton. "my first scent of the spring of 1800 in the pungent odor from a heap of burning brush diluted in this case by distance, but the un-mistakable odor of spring, all the same."

COLONEL'S VISIT TO TOWN.

"GOING TO-NIGHT?" SAID EVERY-BODY, AND HE SAID "YES."

And Go to the Opera He Did-That Was the Way the Story Was Started That John Blank, Philanthropist and Church Mem

The Colonel won his title fairly in the civil war and since then he has devoted himself suc cessfully to the arts of peace in Albany, Troy. or some such place, with occasional Interrup-tions in the way of a visit to New York. This story concerns an ill-timed visit to New York and the subsequent series of misunderstandings for which it was responsible. The Colonel is a tall, distinguished-looking man whose years rest easily on him, and every clerk and employee of the Broadway hotel where he stays when in town knows him well. He appeared as the hotel on the afternoon of Jan. 18, and as he

registered the clork said: "Ah, Colonel, you are just in time I see."
"Yes," replied the Colonel, looking at his watch. "We came through on schedule time." I am going to give you your old room, and I suppose that you will want to dress before

dinner, or will you wait until later in the evening?"
"Why should I wait until later in the even-

ing?" asked the Colonel. "Certainly; why should you?" answered the elerk, and then he continued: "I will send a man up to press out your evening clothes for you." And as the Colonel walked upstairs he wondered how the clerk knew that he was going to put on his evening clothes and go to the

opera that night. "My experience has taught me," he thought, that there are very few things which a hotel elerk does not know, and it wouldn't surprise me at all to discover that this one is a mind

reader. Curious, though." The man who appeared to get his evening clothes was a bit familiar, because he had served the Colonel for many years on his visits

to New York: "Glad to see that you are going to-night, Colonel," he said with a broad smile.
"Yes, I anticipate a good deal of pleasure." said the Colonel good naturedly, "and I under-

stand that all of the stars are to be there." "You can bank on that, Colonel, and every one says that it's going to be a hot old time. I

only wish that I could go." "It pleases me to learn that you are so fond of music, William." said the Colonel.

William's left cyclid drooped at this remark, "You are a sly one," said William to himself, as he carried off the Colonel's evening clothes,

"and to think that I never suspected it." When the Colonel came down to dinner the eashier called out to him: "Colonel, I've just got a new supply of small change and perhaps you would like a little for night. It may come handy."

"Why, that's a fact," said the Colonel, "I do need a little, though I am going to a friend's box. Give me two dollars' worth of silver."

"You are in luck to be in a box party. Colonel," said the cashier, as he counted out the change, "and I can tell you that it is impossible now to get a box for any amount of

John Blank to-night," said the Colonel, mentioning the name of a man who is known for his philanthropy and his generous contributions to his church.

"John Blank !" exclaimed the cashier "Yes."

"Well, that's rich! I didn't know he was going. You never can tell about some of these old codgers, though."

"I don't see why Blank shouldn't go," re-plied the Colonel. "He is very fond of music." And the cashier winked and laughed loudly,

as if it were a joke. "Guess he has been drinking again," thought the Colonel. In the corridor he met Brown of Binghamton

and several of his friends, all in evening dress. "Hello, Colonel! Are you going to-night?" asked Brown. "Well, I'm blessed! I didn't know that you

went in for these things." "I don't know why I shouldn't," answered the Colonel somewhat tartly. "I may come from a little further up the State than you do.

but I appreciate good things." "Lovely!" exclaimed Brown of Binghamton; eome and have a drink." "Thanks, but I don't drink," answered the

"Then you will have a dull time of it to-night," was Brown's comment, and the Colone wondered why a man going to the operanceded to sharpen his apprectation with alcohol. While the Colonel was smoking his clear in ille the Colonel was smoking his cigar in ed his son, recently out of college, with his a. Both were in evening dress, ello, governor! Are you going to-night, 'asked his son. es. John Blank has invited me to share ohn Blank!" exclaimed the young man.

"Why, what do you mean ?"
"He is one of the opera boxholders," said the Colonel.
"Oh, that's it. Why, I was thinking of the other affair."

"He is one of the opera boxholders," said the Colonel.

"Oh, that's if. Why, I was thinking of the other affair."

"What other affair?" asked the Colonel.

"Why, the French ball to-night."

Then it was the Colonel's turn to say "Oh!" and in a flash the comments of the hotel clerk, the cashier and Brown of Binghamton became clear to him. They had been taiking about the French ball and he had been taiking about the opera. Here was a nice state of affairs. The report had probably gone up and down Broadway wherever his name was known that he had come to town to take in the French ball with John Binnk. If he had been a young man and a bachelor he would not have cared, because he believed that a decent young fellow ought to see things for himself. If he had the right stuff is him a French ball would do him no harm, and one would probably satisfy him. But the idea of his going.

"Well, I wouldn't have suggested it myself," answered the Colonel, "but you are in good company, and I should expect you to behave yours if anywhere, so go along."

The Colonel didn't enjoy the opera as much as he had expected, because he remembered that unintentic naily he had started the rumor that his host had a box at the French ball, When he reached his hotel at midnight the clerk said:

You didn't stay long, Colonel. Was it dull?"

I stayed until the opera was over," answered the Colonel, and when the clerk answered. Firm on Colonel," he didn't think it worth while to correct him.

When the Colonel, and when the clerk answered. Firm on Colonel," he didn't think it worth while to correct him.

When the Colonel, and when the clerk answered. Firm on Colonel, "he fiddin't think it worth while to correct him.

When the Colonel, and when the clerk answered. The non Colonel," he didn't think it worth while to correct him.

ton, looking very weary.
"Didn't see you last night, Colonel," said

Brown.
"I was in Blank's box at the opera."
"Why, I thought you were going to the French ball?"
"No, sir," said the Colonel," I never thought of such a thing."
"Well, I saw your son there," said Brown as a continue fling.

"Well, I saw your son there," said Brown as a parting fling.
Ceriainly, said the Colonel. "I gave him permission to go, so that when he reached your age and mine he would know better," said the Colonel, and this little shot was so successful that he walked into breaklast with a good appetite.

It will take the Colonel some time to convince the employees around the hotel that he didn't come to town for the hail, and, what is more, that he didn't go to it, and the rumor that John Blank had a lox there got such a start of him that the Colonel has given up hope of trying to rum it down. When the next French hall occurs in this city inquiring friends may find the Colonel in Albany or Troy or some such place, and he is going to take good care that he does not forget the date.

Barber Shop Names.

"'Tensorial parlor," is old and familiar," said a town traveller, but hair-dressing studio'-isn't that new?"

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR FACE, NECK,

This embarrasaing and disfiguring affliction is sue confully and permanently removed by a new scien-tific method at WOODBURY'S, 26 W. 23d at.

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great growd. They belong to T. Farrar Rackham, one of the judges of the pet stock exhib-

ited as a side attraction. *) those are peafowls," said a young woman certainly old enough to vote if she had the privilege or the burden, according to her viewpoint "Do you know, I never saw a peabefore?"
ou don't mean to tell me that you are one
lose kiris who think that sweet milk, butlose kiris who think that sweet milk, butlose kiris who think that sweet milk, butlose sow simultaneously or separately at
Are you?" said her escort, a fellow weara big fur coat.

g a big fur coat. but I don't." the girl answered indignantly, but leafowle are comparatively scarce and I ever happened to see any before, although I we some of their feathers. I wonder how us it takes a reacock to grow a tail like that." It is a like that." It is a like the some of their feathers. That tail is only four a like the property of the person. That tail is only four are oil. A tail is not worth showing young than that, and it will improve for the next is serie. Fight years is about the limit. The hen's tails look very dowdy and frumby that as, "commented another bystander." I see and Mr. Backham, "the male has far their plumage and is the most conceited. Linear the human male," interrunted a

all set of all ords, " interrupted a sent the human male," interrupted a sent the human male," interrupted a sent they good to eat? asked the every-te they good to eat? asked the every-te present small bor.

similarly, answered the authority, "and hardy bird, and it is surprising that poul-useders do not go in for them more. They very superior table bird, and English was are very fond of them."

lown and across the centre sieles are spe-sial displays of brown Leghorns, white and

golden Wyandottes, barred and white Plymouth Rocks, black Artees, Rozlish ring pheasants, rabbits and guines pigs. In the centre of the Garden is an attraction in the shape of four Japanese mice that waitz when released from this base mice that waitz when released from this base and the same as the man in charge but his hand into the cage and turned the mice loose.

They'll begin to waitz soon," said the owner. They'll begin to waitz soon," said the owner. They'll begin to waitz soon, "said the owner. They'll begin to waitz soon," said the owner. They'll begin to waitz soon, "said the owner. They'll begin to waitz soon all four were doing a Coney Island turn that caused the onlookers to laugh.

How did you ever train them to do that?" asked a woman.

"They are not trained," explained the owner. "It is their nature. Nearly every one thinks that the mice are trained to waitz, but that is a mistake. They begin to dance of their own accord as soon after they are born as they can use their leas, and they keen it up to their dying day. They are jolly little fellows. Ive had these for quite a time, and Ive never seen one of them low-spirited or blue yet."

"What do they eat?"

"Iread and milk, oats and canary seed," was the reply. "They are rather expensive pets, as they cost \$20 a pair."

"The dollars for a creepy little mouse!" exclaimed a woman. "I wi."

The mice were send test on the top of a

((nd.))

THE EDITOR ON A WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

a small fortune. I had to get just an ordinary English pheasant."

"Those gay ones are Japanese pheasants," volunteered an attendant, "and the other two are golden pheasants, Chinese birds. They come from Mr. Havemeyer's place at Mahwah, N. J."

A cage of English pheasants across the aisle were repular, too, and came in for a great share of praise. I don't see how people can eat the beauti-

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SHE SEES HERSELF IN HER OPERA MOOD.

that blamed bird thinks he's whipped the other one in one round."

A dyed turkey hen that has a dyed duck as a cage companion excites much admiration. It was originally white, but is now of that shade known as crushed strawberry, while the duck has been colored a delicate grayish-blue.

"Oh, I'm sure that that is the natural color of that turkey," commented an elderly man to two women who were win hip.

"Nothing of the sort," retorted the younger of the two women. "I hat's a dyed bird. Can't you see where she's rubbed some of the color off on her pen? What are guinea pigs good for?" she asked, going to the next pen.

"They are fine to cat," answered the owner. "To eat?" repeated a chorus of voices.

"Yes, to cat," reiterated the authority. "Their meat is deliciously delicate, much more so than that of the squirrei or rabbit."



BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

TWO OF A KIND.

THE NEWEST FORM OF BENEFIT IS THE DRAMATIC BREAKFAST.

One of the things connected with the theatre. but not to be learned in any of the schools that prepare young persons for the stage, is the real meaning of the term "dramatic breakfast." It

person who drank his coffee as if it were a libation to the gods and ate a codfish cake as if t had been served at Macbeth's feast. One of wiches in the fashion I thought such a break-

"and he took only coffee and a hard-bolled egg. That seemed to me a pretty poor dramatic

breakfast for a star." "I asked an old actor what a dramatic breakfast was," explained another beginner with no fliusions on the subject of his profession, "and he told me that after a long experience he had come to be pretty well satisfied with sinkers and coffee. But that couldn't be it, because they give 'em at the Astoria. They don't give the other things there, though."

Of course these young actors had no idea

ber, Had a Box at the French Ball,